When Will Byers Met Richie Tozier by beautiful_blue

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Summary:

Will's older brother Jonathan is finally getting married to Nancy Wheeler. Mike's cousin Richie is coming down for the wedding, and Mike couldn't dread it more. Richie and Will make an unexpected connection, and Will is certain he will never be the same again.

1. Welcome to Hawkins

Author's Note:

- For Shadowhunter4.

Chapter 1

It had been last Christmas when Jonathan had proposed to Nancy. Ever since that night, she rarely ever took off the small gold band with a nice sized diamond in the center. Jonathan had saved up as much money as he could, because he wanted the ring he got Nancy to be perfect.

Will had been at the shop the day Jonathan bought the ring. They had searched together for the perfect ring for Nancy Wheeler, and it was Will who had spotted it first. His doe eyes had been drawn to it, because somehow, it stood out despite being surrounded by so many other beautiful rings. It just seemed right. Jonathan explained that was exactly how he felt about Nancy. She just stood out to him where no one else ever had. He loved her, and he wanted to make it official. No more waiting.

It had been a rough year for Will. It had been his last year of high school. He had passed all his classes with his grades, but that wasn't the problem. It had been the final year he was willing to hide in the closet. He wasn't expecting things to come bubbling out that past Halloween, but it had.

Halloween was the worst time of year for Will; it reminded him of all the times he had been victimized by the monsters of The Upside Down. The Halloween decorations he used to love were sullen reminders of the horrors of the world. He was at his weakest in the month of October, and it was then he felt all his insecurities overbearing his entirety.

Mike had been there that night when he broke down crying on his living room couch during their moving marathon with the other party members. They had been watching one of the Halloween movies in which Michael Myers was terrorizing Laurie Strode, but

Will had been millions of miles away as he watched Max and Lucas snuggled together to his left, and Eleven snuggled into Mike on his right.

He thought about the fact he was never attracted to girls, and how he would never be able to find someone who could hold him the way Lucas held Max, he could never kiss someone the way Mike kissed El without people jeering in his face about the wrongs of homosexuality. It bothered him. He hated pretending to be a straight boy who didn't feel comfortable dating yet. One day, he would have to face himself, and Hawkins would never understand.

Will had broken down into tears the more he thought about it. Upon seeing Will the Wise crying next to them, his friends voiced their concerns, worried he was experiencing some sort of supernatural repercussions. It killed him that this was the first thing they thought when ever he seemed to be upset about something.

They shut the movie off, not letting him escape their concern until he confessed what was wrong. Everything spilled out, like vomit he could not longer harbour deep inside. He told his friends, and expected them to be angry at him. None of them were. They confessed that part of them had always known, but no one wanted to question him on it; they didn't feel it was something that mattered, because he was their friend no matter what his heart desired. It made him feel fortunate to have the friends he did. They loved him no matter what the rest of the world thought of him.

Telling his mother and his brother had been hard, but he felt if his friends knew, so should his family. Joyce cried, but not out of shame. She immediately apologized to him, bringing him in for a hug. She cried because he could only imagine how scary it had been for Will to hold his feelings inside for so long. Will was relieved that she wasn't angry at him for the things he couldn't change.

Jonathan had been quiet at first, and Will initially thought the worst. His brother was his best friend, and he couldn't handle the thought of losing him. When he questioned Jonathan, his brother looked at him softly, stating he wasn't disgusted, or angry. It was simply the fact he couldn't relate to what Will was going through, so it only made it hard for him to comfort his brother.

When it was brought up to Hopper, he reacted as if someone had told him what the weather was going to be that day. That had been the end of it. Will had made it through the hardest part of 'coming out' fairly easily. As for the rest of the world, it was none of their concern. At least not immediately.

Things got complicated with school. There had been a new kid named Dylan who joined that year, and Will had become considerably close friends with him, and the two would talk and laugh in art class. The day the new kid found out about the teasing Will suffered, usually by Troy, he began to avoid Will, alienating him only to sit with another group of art kids. It hurt, and Will found himself crying in the washroom alone on the first day he was sitting alone at his table.

When he bumped into Dylan by their lockers, Will asked why he was no longer sitting near him, even though Will knew already. Dylan shrugged, and said he didn't want to be associated with someone who was gay. That was the moment Will confessed in the heat of the moment that it shouldn't matter if he was gay, it should be about who Will was as a person. This only made things worse.

Will nearly got beaten up on numerous occasions as word spread like wildfire around the school. Mike, and the others had done everything in their power to keep him safe, but Will hated to have to take an escort everywhere he went. In the remaining months of the school year, the words 'FAG' had been sprayed onto his locker about half a dozen times. By the final time he saw it, he didn't bother reporting it, he just blinked, opened his locker, and shoved his text books away.

By the time graduation came, he was more than ready to get out of that high school. He at least had the summer to look forward to before he was off to The University of Maine; one of the only places nearby he was accepted. He didn't dare apply to community college; he didn't want to deal with high school bullies any longer.

A lot of preparations were being made for Jonathan and Nancy's wedding that July, and he was happy to have something to take his mind off his own problems. It was about a week before the wedding, by the time Mike announced his cousin from Derry would be down for the wedding. His mother's sister's son.

Mike seemed like he was dreading it ever so slightly, but Will didn't really understand why. He had heard about this infamous cousin Richie Tozier, but he hadn't heard anything in the past four years for Mike to even have a reason to dislike his cousin. Mike was still holding onto the memories of when Richie pantsed him when they were kids to win a race; that had been so long ago, even before Eleven was part of their lives.

"He can't be that bad." Will shook his head as he helped Mike set up the basement for Richie to stay in.

"You don't understand, Will... he doesn't shut up." Mike sighed exasperated.

"So? That's not that bad of a trait to have." Will laughed a little as he tucked the bottom sheet under the futon mattress.

"He has no filter to top it off. They call him 'Trashmouth' back home. Trashmouth. What does that tell you?" Mike brought out an extra pillow from the closet, dressing it in a navy blue pillow case that was nearly as old as Mike.

"Well, is he a delinquent or something? I don't really see the problem." Will shrugged as he laid the soft navy sheet on top of the bottom sheet.

"No, but..." Mike sighed, "You have to meet him to understand. He's just really weird..."

"We're weird, Mike. All of us in the party." Will reminded as he helped Mike with the light plaid red comforter he was laying on top of the bed.

"I guess you have a point." Mike didn't argue any more over it, "We have to pick him up from the train station."

"What does he even look like?" Will asked.

"You're not gonna believe it if I told you." Mike sighed, irritation in his voice.

Will didn't question him, he sensed Mike was on his last nerve as it

was. The boys headed up from the basement to find Karen Wheeler chatting on the phone with Joyce Byers. "Yes, they're just heading out now to get Richie from the train station. Did you want to speak to Will before he goes?" Karen paused a moment and waved at the, letting them know they could go.

Will could smell the cookies Karen was baking in the oven. She was always one of the best cooks he knew. Will followed Mike to his Volvo parked outside the house. It was a light shade of blue, and Mike's dad insisted it was a safe car for him to be driving when it was presented to him as a graduation gift.

"Did El want me to stop by and see her tonight?" Mike asked once they got in the car together; he stuck the key in the ignition and stared the car.

"No, she didn't say anything to me. I'm sure you'll probably hear from her though. She wants to go shoe shopping, but only trusts Nancy to take her." Will smiled fondly at his step sister.

It had been an easy transition for Will the moment Hopper and Eleven got a place with Joyce and Will. It was nice to have a sister around, and one that was part of his group of friends already. They bonded fairly quickly as siblings, and Eleven often suggested harming those that tried to mess with Will, to which Will politely declined.

"That's one thing I don't think I could be much help with." Mike laughed as they headed towards the Hawkins train station.

The train station was fairly dead on your average day. There was hardly anyone around unless they were on their way out of town. It only led Will to further believe Hawkins was cursed.

Mike scanned the outside of the train station, and furrowed his brows. "Where is he...?"

The front doors of the train station opened, and the first thing Will noticed was a black Hawaiian shirt with vibrant red, and blue flowers scattered about the shirt. It was open, and the shirt he wore under it was white with a decal of a radio station. The overgrown black curls framed his face, and behind the large black glasses was a face that

left Will's jaw hanging open. Richie Tozier could have been Mike's twin brother.

He had a backpack slung over his shoulder, and a gym bag in his hand. Richie had a shit eating grin plastered to his face the moment he spotted Mike's car. "Oh God... here goes my sanity for the rest of the month..." Mike said as he popped the trunk so Richie could put his things in the back.

"Mike... he's a mirror image of you..." Will said shocked as Richie tossed his bags in the back carelessly before slamming the trunk closed.

"Yeah, if I looked like a drug addict." Mike scoffed before the door to the back sat opened.

"Mikey Wheeler! How's it fucking going cuz?!" Richie smiled brightly as he wrapped his arms around the seat in front of him to hug Mike.

"Hey, Richie." Mike didn't sound even a tenth as excited as Richie did.

Turning his gaze to meet Will's eyes he pushed up his glasses as Mike spoke, "This is Will Byers, my best friend. His brother is marrying Nancy."

Will smiled at him warmly, "Nice to meet you, Richie."

"Well fuck, Mike. How are you still with that Seven girl when you've got this cutie hanging around you all the time." Will felt a blush spread across his cheeks, and Richie caught it immediately.

"It's 'Eleven' Richie, and shut up." Mike groaned as he started driving out of the train station.

"So, it's been a while since I've been to Hawkins. What cool shit do you guys have here?" Richie asked leaning back into the seat more relaxed.

"There really isn't much to do here." Mike shrugged.

"Well, there's the comic book store, and the arcade. Those are about the most fun you can have here." Will explained, peaking over his

shoulder, as if worried he was going to get burnt.

"Arcade you say? Hmm... who's up for a gaming night?" Richie asked them.

"Uh..." Mike stopped at a stop light, "...I guess we could go tonight if you wanted." Mike really didn't want to have to spend more time with his cousin than he already had to.

"Right on." Richie glanced over at Will, "Bring this little cutie with us, yeah?"

"Stop that, Richie. You're crossing a line." Mike said warningly.

"It's alright, Mike." Will shook his head; he enjoyed the attention, even if it was making his face very flushed.

"You're supposed to say 'beep beep' when you want me to shut up." Richie told them.

"What the hell?" Mike squinted looking at his cousin in the rearview mirror.

"It's what all my friends say. It's a little nicer than saying 'shut up' but it gets the message across." Richie shrugged.

"Great. I'll ask my friends what they're doing tonight." Mike pulled up to the house.

"Cool." Richie jumped out of the car immediately, and grabbed his bags out of the trunk once Mike popped it.

Mike looked over at Will, "Are you seriously ok? He can be a little much..."

Will nodded, "It's ok. It isn't offending me." Will assured him with a smile.

Mike nodded and got out of the car as Richie was already at the front door. "Lucy! I'm home!" Richie shouted like Ricky Ricardo.

Mike and Will walked up behind him as Karen Wheeler opened the

door. Her face lit up the moment she spotted Richie, and she wrapped her arms around him warmly. "Richie! You're so grown up now!" She smiled vibrantly.

"Do you even age Aunt Karen? You look fucking amazing!" Richie smiled at her.

"Oh, you do have a dirty mouth on you, but I'll let it pass this time." She laughed as she moved aside so Richie could enter.

"The boys spent the morning setting up the basement, so you'll be staying down there on the futon." Karen explained.

"Oh my God, are you baking something? I can smell it..." Richie looked around eagerly, dropping his bags in the middle of the floor.

Karen smiled, always delighting in people willing to try her baking. "The cookies just came out, so they're a little hot."

Richie followed Karen into the kitchen. Will picked his bags up, "I'll take these down for him."

Mike nodded, "Alright." Will climbed down the basement steps, and gently set the bags next to the pullout.

Taking a moment to collect himself, Will felt a small smile spread across his face; it was the first time he'd ever been hit on by a guy. A beautiful guy at that. Butterflies were dancing around in his chest. Richie was probably a player, but at least he made Will feel attractive.

Turning around, Will heard footsteps heading down to the basement. He half expected to see Mike, but instead it was Richie. "Oh. H-H-Hi." Will wanted to face palm at his own stammering.

"You're starting to sound a lot like a friend of mine." Richie looked at him thoughtfully.

"Sorry." Will looked at his feet for a moment.

"No worries. Aunt Karen makes some of the best food, huh?" Richie smirked holding a cookie in his hand. He held his cookie out to Will,

"Want a bite?"

Will eyed it for a moment, and felt at a loss for words for once. Shaking his head, he smiled a little. Richie grinned and brushed past him. More feet pattered against the stairs, and Will watched as Mike came down into the basement, handing Will his own cookie. "Here, it's still warm."

"Oh, thanks." Will took it, taking a bite, allowing the sweetness of the chocolate chips to coat his tongue.

"So, when do I get to meet thirteen?" Richie asked Mike curiously.

"It's Eleven." Mike said sternly before looking back at Richie, "I'm not sure. I haven't talked to her yet, but I'm warning you, no flirting with her."

"Flirt? Me? No." Richie grinned.

"I'm serious, Richie. She means a lot to me." Mike looked at him warningly.

Richie pointed at Will, "What about him? Is he fair game?"

"What is wrong with you?!" Mike yelled with annoyance.

"Mike! Be nice!" Karen shouted from upstairs.

Mike growled with frustration, and Will looked at him, "It's ok Mike. Calm down."

"Look, Will's been through a lot this year, and making those kinds of jokes isn't funny at all!" Mike was raging, and Richie didn't seem to care. "If you don't quit it now, I'm going to do something about it, and you won't like it."

Richie looked Mike dead in the eye before yelling, "Aunt Karen! Mike's being mean to me!"

"Michael! Get up here!" Karen shouted.

Mike glared at Richie, and flipped him off before pulling Will upstairs

with him. "You stay away from, Will." Richie waved at Will and winked a little.

Will had never witnessed anything so amusing in the Wheeler's basement, but he couldn't react upon it without pissing off his best friend. "He's gonna die... I'm gonna kill him..." Mike grumbled as they made it to the landing.

"Michael, quit bullying Richie. He's barely been here for five minutes!" Karen had her hands on her hips, the threatening mom stance.

"He's lying. I wasn't bullying him." Mike sighed with annoyance.

"Not another word. You two, go help your father. He's trying to set up the hanging lights in the backyard." Karen shooed them away.

"Fine." Mike looked to be in complete misery, but Will felt just the opposite.

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Convincing the rest of the party to meet up at the arcade had been easy. Dustin decided to challenge Lucas at a shooting game while Eleven and Max got on the air hockey table together.

"Now Street Fighter, that's a fucking game." Richie commented as he approached the arcade machine.

"I've never been very good at it." Will responded as Mike insisted on sticking rather close to Will that evening.

"I'm the master of this game." Richie informed them like it was written in stone, "Anyone wanna take me on?"

"It's a stupid game." Mike retorted.

"If it's so fucking stupid, you should be able to beat me then." Richie challenged.

"No thanks." Mike shook his head.

"Oh, is it because you know you can't beat me?" Richie egged him on.

"No, I could beat you any day of the week, Richie. I just don't want to, because it's a stupid game." Mike shook his head.

Will put the straw of his cherry slushie in his mouth, feeling a bit put off by Mike's negativity.

"Ok, let's put a wager on it. You beat me, I stay in the basement, and don't bother you for a whole week until the wedding, but if I win..." Richie paused as he caught Mike's attention, "I get a date with your friend, Will."

"I'm not whoring out my best friend, so you can forget it!" Mike shouted.

"I guess I'll be spending plenty of quality time with you then, Mikey." Richie smirked at him with that shit eating grin Mike hated so much.

Looking to Will, Mike silently asked for permission before Will nodded to him, consenting to the date. With an exhausted sigh, Mike spoke, "Fine. Prepare to spend a lot of time in the basement by yourself."

Will felt a fluttering in his chest as he stood behind both of them, watching the screen nervously. "Well you prepare for me to wine and dine your BFF." Richie said as they both popped tokens into the machine.

Thinking back, Will couldn't remember ever seeing Mike play street fighter. He usually stuck to the other games at the arcade. He had been playing a lot of air hockey with Eleven, and not much else since she seemed to love it so much. It was unclear if he could even do any of the big combos with the character he was choosing.

Mike and Richie began mashing the buttons furiously, both of them biting their lower lips with their long front teeth. Will watched as Richie began to pummel Mike, utterly demolishing him rather quickly. "Down you fucking go, Wheeler!"

Will watched as Richie looked back at him while the first round finished, "Where did you want to go for our date?"

"Shut up, Richie. It's the best two out of three. I was just getting warmed up." Mike tried to sound convincing.

Will felt himself stop breathing as the next round started. Everything about this stupid video game match was going to determine if he would get to go on a first date with a boy or not. Richie was definitely someone he wanted to go on a date with. He gave Will feelings he had never experienced before, and his heart thudded faster in his chest with each strike Richie's character made on Mike's character.

"Yes! Suck it Wheeler!" Richie yelled as Mike's character was defeated.

Looking back at Will with horror in his eyes, he looked as though he just sentenced Will to death. "I'm so sorry, Will!"

"I'm not fucking sorry at all. He's gonna have a great time with me. When and where cutie?" Richie asked, gently taking the slushie from Will, taking a sip without having asked first.

Will swallowed, and looked a bit mesmerized as he took back his slushie. "M-Movies? Tomorrow?"

"The movies it is." Richie winked as Mike stared at his feet with disappointment, "Now the real question is, do we pick a movie we actually want to watch or not?"

Mike leered up at him, "Why would you pick a movie you don't want to-" It dawned on Mike what Richie was getting at, "You're disgusting! If you touch him in any way he isn't alright with, I'll make you regret it!" Mike warned.

Richie turned to him, "Then I guess I won't be touching him in any way he isn't alright with, Mike." He smirked.

Mike grumbled and pulled Will outside the arcade with him, nearly causing the blonde to drop his slushie. "You don't have to go out with him, you know? It's alright, Will."

"I'm ok with it, Mike. Really. I know you're worried, and I really appreciate it, but..." Will blushed a little and looked down before

looking at Mike, "No one's ever taken interest in me before... I don't hate it..." Will confessed.

Mike seemed to finally understand, "Oh... I see..." Mike scratched the back of his head and looked at Richie who was flipping him of from inside the arcade. "Well if that's what you want, then I'm happy for you." Mike nodded.

"Thank you." Will smiled a little.

"Isn't it... a little weird though? I mean... he looks like me..." Mike eyed him.

"He doesn't act like you. It's not like I'm pretending he's you or anything, Mike." Will assured him.

"That would be a bit weird." Mike admitted before relaxing a bit more. "Alright, but if he does anything you don't like... tell me. I'll break his neck." Mike smiled a little.

Will nodded, "I will tell you before anyone else I promise."

Mike put his hand on Wills arm, and gently led him back inside the arcade. Dustin was now attempting to go a round against Richie. "What the Hell, dude?! How are you this good!?" Dustin was surprised as he actually played Street Fighter fairly often.

"It's my training. I've been at it for years, bro!" Richie assured him as he mashed the buttons.

Richie defeated Dustin and winked at Will briefly before patting Dustin's shoulder, "Alright, you owe me a slushie now."

"Damn it..." Dustin sighed heading off to the concession stand.

2. The First Date

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie takes Will on their first date together.

Chapter 2

Mike was the one who picked up Will for his date with Richie. Eleven had decided to come too for the ride. They were going to have lunch together once they dropped Richie and Will off at the theatre.

"Hey, good looking. Decide on a movie yet?" Richie asked as Will got into the back seat.

Will shook his head, "No. I figured we could wait until we get there to decide."

Mike drove quietly, still not sure if he was comfortable with the whole thing. Eleven held Mike's hand, keeping him calm. "That's cool. Does your movie theatre have slushies? I'll get you a cherry one if they do." Richie winked.

Will went a little pink, but smiled, "Yeah... they should."

Mike pulled up outside the theatre. "Call my house when you guys are ready. We're going to have lunch and then go to my place."

"Kinky." Richie winked.

"Get out of my car." Mike huffed before Richie did as he was told.

Will got out, "I'll call you later, Mike."

"Have fun." Eleven said quietly.

"I will." Will smiled as he closed the door behind him.

Richie headed inside with Will. It was to be noted that Richie opened the door for him, and held it open. Will couldn't explain why, but the small gesture gave him the feeling of fluttering in his chest. The

moment was over as soon as his eyes adjusted to the light, and saw Troy with his friend James standing in line at the concession stand.

Will's instinct was to turn around and walk out, but he absentmindedly turned and walked into Richie's chest instead. "Whoa, I know I'm fucking sexy, but you need to slow it down." Richie winked.

"Well if it isn't the fairy boy. Here on a date with your boyfriend?" Troy came over, taunting Will immediately.

"Says the guy who is here on a date with HIS boyfriend." Richie pointed out.

"I'll knock out your teeth Wheeler." Troy threatened.

"It's Tozier. Richie Tozier. I'm Mike's cousin, and if you threaten me or one of my own again, we'll see how scary you are when I dislocate you jaw." Richie threatened, stepping between Will and Troy to pose a threatening stance.

Will was nervous, but he couldn't take his eyes off the scene. Troy looked at Richie for a moment, and backed off, "You're not worth it..."

Once the two went back to the concession stand line, Richie turned to look at Will, "You alright?"

Will nodded, but there was an undeniable sadness in his eyes. "Yeah..."

"Hey, don't let those assholes get to you. I've got your back." Richie assured him.

Will smiled a little, and Richie took his hand gently. Will felt the electricity surge through him. It felt so nice to hold someone's hand, he never really realized until that moment. "Let's go get our tickets, and then we'll get you that slushie."

Will followed Richie eagerly, and when he went to reach for his wallet, Richie had already beat him to everything. Will was a bit surprised, because normally he had to pay for something at the

movies. Richie was taking the whole date thing pretty seriously it seemed.

They walked into the theatre with their slushies and popcorn. Richie led them to a seat at the very back row towards the middle. "Best seats in the house." Richie assured Will, "So who was that guy anyway?"

Will stopped drinking his slushie before putting it in the cup holder. "That was Troy, and other guy was James... they're just a bunch of bullies..."

Richie nodded, "I gathered that. They pick on you?"

"They pick on me, Mike and all of our friends. I'm usually the target as of lately though." Will looked down, "Ever since I came out..."

Richie gently lifted Will's chin to lock eyes with him, "Chin up. Your eyes are too fucking cute to hide." Richie smirked.

Will blushed, and couldn't help but smile back. "I um... wanted to thank you for taking me out..."

"I should be thanking you for penciling me in. I'm sure you're pretty booked up with all the other guys in town." Richie pushed some popcorn into his mouth.

"Me? No... never..." Will laughed a little, "This is my first date."

Richie looked at him and laughed a little before pausing. "Oh... you're serious? I'm your first date?" Richie looked like his eyes were lighting up suddenly.

"Well I mean... I think I'm the only gay guy my age in Hawkins." Will tried to explain.

Richie pushed up his glasses, "Well then, I'll have to make sure to do this right." Wrapping an arm around Will, he pulled him a little closer. "If you get bored of the movie, we can always just make out." Richie waggled his brows at Will.

Will smiled a little, and grabbed the popcorn out of the bag on

Richie's lap, "I'd be really bad at that."

"Says you." Richie grinned, not removing his arm from Will's shoulder.

The lights went down, and Richie grinned, "Mood lighting for out make out session."

Will laughed, and pushed some popcorn into Richie's mouth, "Shh, just watch the movie."

Richie chewed the popcorn that was shoved into his mouth, and relaxed with the blonde on his arm. The movie was alright, but definitely not the best action movie Will had seen that year.

Around halfway through, Will looked over at Richie. His dark eyes were on the screen, his eyes focused and dark. The freckles on his skin reminded Will of cinnamon, but it was Richie's lips that looked the sweetest. They were plump, and full in shape.

Richie turned his head, and noticed Will staring at his mouth. Will looked at his eyes, and swallowed. Richie leaned in suddenly, and Will closed his eyes as he felt lips pressing into his.

His first kiss. He didn't think he was breathing for a moment as he felt Richie's lips softly press into his repeatedly. Will kissed him back, following Richie's lead. Richie's mischievous tongue made its way to his lower lip, and Will opened his lips with slight shock. The tongue slid into his mouth, and mingled with his gently. Will felt the bumpy texture of Richie's tongue glide across his. He pressed their tongues together, sliding them gently across one another. A small sound escaped Will's throat, but Richie didn't react to it, he just cupped his face gently.

Will was getting the hang of kissing fairly quickly. They didn't pull apart for the rest of the movie. When the lights went on, Richie gently pulled back. Will swallowed, and was pretty sure he had a goofy grin on his face. "Best movie ever." Richie said sarcastically.

Will laughed, "I'm not complaining..."

Richie got up with him, and the two headed outside. "So... I'm not

really ready to all Mike, and end this good thing we've got going on. What else could we do in town?"

Will felt Richie take his hand as they made it out onto the sidewalk. "Well, there's a comic book store nearby, and a pizza place. We could also go to the park." Will named off a few suggestions.

"Are you hungry? I know you had your fill of my tongue, but pizza sounds pretty good right now." Richie smirked.

Will blushed a little and nodded, "Sounds good to me. I'll buy."

"No, no, no, no. This is the date I initiated. I pay." Richie assured him.

"It's ok, I insist." Will tried, but Richie put his finger to Wills lips and shook his head.

Will smiled a little and let Richie lead him into the pizza shop. "What do you like on your pizza?"

"Anything." Will wasn't picky when it came to pizza. He'd yet to find a flavour he hated.

"Alright, Pepperoni and cheese it is." Richie walked up to the counter and ordered for them.

They took a seat at a booth while they waited for their order number to be called. "You know, you're a really good kisser." Richie complimented.

"That was my first kiss..." Will blushed.

Richie licked his lips, "Fuck, you could have fooled me. Your tongue was like fucking magic..."

Will laughed a little, and looked down at the table, "You were really good..."

"I mean, if you can withstand my breath after this pizza... there could be more..." Richie suggested boldly.

Will looked at him for a moment, and nodded, "I think I can handle

it."

"Then it's settled. Thou shalt taketh thy tongue into thine mouth once more!" Richie spoke in awful Shakespearian.

Their pizza order was called, and Richie grabbed it for them before bringing to their table. They each began eating. It turned out they had a lot of things in common. They both loved videogames, comic books, and science. Richie had a top grade in his science class, but he also seemed to be good in other subjects as well.

"Have you ever role played before?" Will asked curiously.

"Kinky. I like where your head's at, but Will, this is only our first date." Richie said making Will go bright red.

"N-No... I mean... dungeons and dragons." Will covered his face and laughed a little.

"Oh, that makes more sense." Richie laughed a little, breaking the awkwardness.

"Mike, and the rest of us, we all play. Mike is the campaign master, and we go on a lot of missions together. It's pretty fun." Will explained.

"Think Mike will let me play?" Richie asked curiosuly.

"I don't know. You could ask him." Will suggested.

The two finished their food, and headed out onto the storefront. "So how close is this park?" Richie asked as they joined hands, and headed down the street following Wills directions.

"It's pretty close. Just past the Laundromat." Will pointed down the street.

"Why have you never visited Hawkins before, if you don't mind me asking?" Will looked at him curiously.

"Well, I wanted to, but my parents never really visited so I never thought about it. I don't really talk to my parents either." Richie

shrugged.

"I'm sorry to hear that." Will looked at him sadly.

"It's ok. I'm used to it by now. I think if you're going to be around here though, I might fucking consider coming and visiting more often." Richie waggled his brows.

"Well I'm only here for the summer. I'm going to The University of Maine in the fall." Will informed him as they neared the park.

"That's right near where I live... I should have a car by then, we could hang out if you want to." Richie suggested, making Will's heart to flips.

"Yeah, I'd really like that, Richie." Will smiled, looking at him fondly.

A few people eyed them as they held hands, and walked. No one said anything, but Will could feel them judging him. He didn't care, he was feeling so happy with Richie. "Sometime, you should visit Derry. You could meet all my friends. They'd fucking love you." Richie smiled at him as they passed the Laundromat, "Not to mention, I could finally stop being a seventh wheel."

"You have six friends?" Will looked up at him curiously.

"Yeah, we've been friends since I was kid. We're known as 'The Loser's Club' in Derry." Richie grinned as they set foot on the soft grass of the park together.

The trees overhead seemed to shade them, but patches of light were still peaking through the leaves, reflecting amber into Will's beautiful brown eyes. "Why?" Will furrowed his brows, not understanding the nickname.

"Well, we've had some bullies in our lives too. We used to get picked on by this group of guys. They were always tormenting us. My best friend Stanley, he had his face rubbed in snow until it bled just for being a Jew. My best friend Ben also had an 'H' cut into his stomach by these guys." Richie explained as they headed over to one of the biggest Willow trees in the park.

"Oh my God!" Will's eyes flashed with horror, "Those guys sound a lot worse than Troy or James."

"Turns out, the leader of the group, Henry Bowers, he killed two of his friends, and one of them went missing prior to that. Some fucked up shit if you ask me." Richie said before sitting with his back to the tree.

"I'll say." Will nodded before Richie carefully pulled him down between his long lanky legs.

"Anyhow, I don't want to ruin the mood. You're too pretty for that." Richie grinned as Will smiled a little.

"You keep saying I'm 'cute' or that I'm 'pretty' but I think you're the one that's most eye catching between the two of us." Will gently ran his fingers through Richie's curls, "You have those dark curls, and those dark eyes... you're way too good looking to be interested in me..." Will felt so comfortable with Richie; he'd never been able to touch someone like he was touching Richie.

"Well, I am a vision, but you're talking like you're out of my league. You're not out of my league, you're almost fucking above it." Richie cupped Will's face, his thumb tracing over the beauty mark on Will's upper lip. "You could be a fucking model."

"I don't think so, but you're sweet." Will smiled, enjoying his touch.

"You know what's fucking sweet?" Richie let his thumb slide along Will's bottom lip, "These lips..." Richie leaned in, and pressed his lips to Wills.

If there was one day Will didn't want to ever end, it was that one. He gently kissed Richie back, feeling like he was lost in a trance the entire time. There was no one in the park even remotely near them, and he felt like they were in their own perfect world together.

Their tongues intertwined after a few minutes, and Will melted into Richie who had his arms wrapped around him securely. "Mm..." he moaned softly, enjoying the taste of Richie's mouth.

Richie cupped Will's face gently, and he felt safety in the taller man's

arms. When they broke apart, Richie's fingers trailed his jaw softly, "You're the most beautiful fucking person I've ever laid eyes upon. Fuck, how did I get this lucky?" Richie asked looking into his eyes.

"You won a game of street fighter against your cousin I believe." Will smiled a little, making Richie smile back at him.

"Best thing I ever won." Richie quickly tugged Will's lower lip with his teeth.

Will shivered a bit at the feeling, he couldn't get enough of what Richie did to his body. "I think I could probably kiss you forever." Richie pressed their lips together again before Will could respond to that statement.

Feeling the lips start to trail down his neck, Will kept his eyes closed, his jaw going a bit slack as he felt the lips trailing towards his shoulder. Richie gently tugged the fabric of Will's t-shirt out of the way, allowing him access to the crook of Will's neck. "Richie..." Will breathed.

"That's my name, feel free to wear it out." Richie whispered before nipping at Will's earlobe.

Will cupped Richie's face, and looked into his eyes before pressing his lips to Richie's with a slightly more possessive kiss. His fingers became lost in the midnight black hair on Richie's head as their lips continued to press together repeatedly. Will felt Richie's hand on his hip, and it sent sparks flying through his body. It was almost concerning to think if he wasn't in public how little reservations Will would have about undressing the raven haired man before him.

As quickly as the thoughts came, Will felt his cheeks flushing before he pulled back from Richie's lips. He cuddled into Richie's chest, and felt Richie rest his chin on the crown of Will's head. "No one's ever kissed me the way you do..." Richie blurted out suddenly.

"Really?" Will wasn't sure what he meant by it.

"It's like you want me to kiss you endlessly... and I fucking love it. Most people get sick of my shit." Richie chuckled a little, sending a

pleasant vibration through Will's body.

"I don't think you're hard to handle exactly." Will held his eyes closed, enjoying the closeness as Richie's fingers began roaming up and down his spine.

"I talk a lot. I know I do that... but usually people just tell me to stop. I'm not really used to someone 'wanting' to be around me. I've kissed some people at parties, but once they get to know me, they don't like my mouth..."

"Trashmouth..." Will remembered suddenly his nickname.

"Yeah, that's my nickname. I take it my lame ass cousin told you." Richie's fingers had made their way until Will's shirt, and they were touching the skin on his spine, caressing him gently.

"Yeah, Mike told me that. I like your mouth for what it's worth." Will smiled a little, enjoying the tingles Richie was causing him to feel on his back.

Richie laughed a little, "Well, you're getting the best parts of my mouth. Still, there's a lot more wonderful things it could do to you..." Richie teased.

Will blushed a bit, "Someday I might like to find out..."

"Mike never told me he had such a hot friend. I might have visited Hawkins a lot sooner had I known." Richie tilted Will's head back carefully, and pressed their lips together.

"Mm.." Will groaned softly as their lips parted; the feeling of Richie's tongue in his mouth was a luxury he was willing to get used to.

It was crazy, they had just met, but Will felt like he had known him for years. He felt so comfortable around him, and they had only met for the first time the day before. Had someone told him he would be making out with a gorgeous boy just a week ago in not only the movie theatre, but the park too, Will wouldn't have believed it.

He knew now that he had a taste of Richie, he'd crave him. Will's lips parted from Richie's after a bit, "The sun is starting to set. Should we

head back?" Richie hated to suggest it, but he knew it was the right thing to do.

"Maybe... I don't want to though, I love staying here with you." Will confessed.

"Well I'm here for a couple weeks so, you'll have plenty more chances to make out with me." Richie grinned at him.

Will nodded, "Good. I'm glad we have so much time."

Richie carefully stood up, helping Will with him. The two headed back to the main streets in the direction of the nearest phone booth. Will thought for a moment about the day, and he felt like his mind was humming with happiness. "Richie... did you really mean what you said before?"

Looking over at Will, Richie pushed up his glasses, "Mean what?"

Will licked his lips, the foreign feeling of kissing still on them, "That you'd like to come visit me in school?"

"I would come visit you in Africa at this fucking rate." Richie wrapped an arm around Will's shoulder as they walked together.

Will smiled, and looked up at him, "Good. I didn't want you to just be saying that..."

"One thing you'll learn about me, I don't just say shit unless I plan to do it. I plan to see you as much as I can... as much as you'd let me." Richie looked at him honestly.

Before Will could say anything, a male and a female walking down the street gave them disgusted looks, "Disgusting..." The guy muttered.

"That's not what your mom said last night when she was guzzling my come!" Richie yelled back at them as they continued to walk, an arm around Will's shoulders.

"Fuck you!" The guy shot back before they were out of earshot.

Will giggled a bit, "Richie..."

"And that's why they call me Trashmouth." Richie smirked a little as they made it to a pay phone.

Will dug into his pocket for a quarter before inserting it into the machine. He dialled Mike's number, "Wheeler residence." A familiar male voice said into the phone.

"Hey Ted, It's Will. Is Mike around?" Will asked.

"Mike! Will's on the phone!" Mike's father called.

"One moment, Will. He's coming." Ted said before there was silence.

"Hello?" Mike answered the line.

"Hey, we're ready. We're right near my mom's store." Will informed him.

"Alright. I'll be by in about fifteen minutes. Hang tight." Mike said to him.

"Sounds good." Will heard the line go dead, and he hung up.

"Your mom works around here?" Richie caught that piece of information as he looked around.

"Um, yeah. She works in the hardware store. She's there now." Will pointed at the shop across the street.

"Hey, we could go say hi to her if you wanted." Richie suggested to Will's surprise.

"You want to meet my mom?" Will looked a bit surprised.

Richie shrugged, "Why not?"

Will felt his stomach do flips, but he was pleased with the suggestion. "Alright. Let's go."

Richie followed Will across the street, their hands were laced together, and it didn't seem like Richie was going to let go. It made

Will a little happier to think he wasn't ashamed to be with Will in a romantic light.

They entered the hardware store together, and Richie looked around curiously. There was no customers around, and Joyce was busy restocking a shelf by herself. "Will, I wasn't expecting to see you here today." She smiled at her son, and Richie immediately noticed Will had her eyes.

"Hey mom. This is Richie Tozier, Mike's cousin." Will introduced him to his mother.

"I heard you were taking my son on a date today." Joyce smiled and gently took Richie's hand to shake it.

"That's right, we went and saw a movie, and had some pizza." Richie said, leaving out the parts Will was pleased he didn't bring up.

"You seem like such a nice boy, I'm really glad you asked him out. Can you believe this is his first date?" Joyce seemed elated to say the least.

"Mom..." Will went a little pink.

"Oh, Alright... I won't pester you too much. You really do look like your cousin you know?" Joyce took in Richie's appearance.

"I'm the better looking one, though." Richie grinned making Joyce laugh a little.

"I'm so glad you introduced me to this one." Joyce said to Will with a smile.

"I wanted to meet you. I figure if Will turned out to be such an awesome person, you must be pretty fucking awesome too." Richie let slip a swear.

"Well thank you. " Joyce didn't seem to mind.

"Mike's picking us up so we should probably head outside." Will told her.

"Alright. I'll see you tonight, Will. It was nice to meet you, Richie." Joyce smiled.

"Same here." Richie smiled and let Will lead him out of the store.

Notes for the Chapter:

Did you like the date? Let me know!

3. Sleep Over

Summary for the Chapter:

> Mike asks if Will can spend the night at his place while his parents are out of town in order to have Eleven stay over. Will agrees.

Notes for the Chapter:

> WARNING: Oral sex

Chapter 3

Richie was all Will could think about for the next several days. Tension was high in the Byers house as everyone prepared for his brother's big day, but Will was floating on cloud nine. All he could think about was those perfect lips, and the dark eyes that peered into his soul.

Jonathan and Will came home from the tailor's to pick up their suits. "So, mom told me you were on a date the other day. How did that go?" Jonathan asked curiously.

Will smiled a little, and Jonathan caught the glint in his eyes, "It was nice. Richie is really cool."

Jonathan looked over at Will, and smiled, "I never thought I'd see the day..."

Will looked at him confused, "See what day?"

"When my little brother had googly eyes for someone else." Jonathan smiled teasingly.

Will blushed but shook his head, "Oh stop it..."

"So, what did you two do together?" Jonathan asked curiously.

"We went to the movies, and had pizza." Will gave the brief outline of what happened.

"What was the movie about?" Jonathan asked.

"It was about a soldier who moves to Tokyo, and gets into it with some thugs." Will informed him.

"How did it end?" Jonathan asked.

"I... um... w-well..." Will stumbled for a moment.

"Oh I see. So it was a good movie then." Jonathan nudged his little brother's arm.

Will covered his face for a moment, blushing darkly. "Don't tell mom."

"I'm not gonna tell mom. What kind of brother would I be?" Jonathan laughed, "Besides, Nancy and I don't watch every single movie we say we went to."

Will smiled a little, "Well, I guess it's a little different, you're not both boys..."

"It's not different to me, Will. Feelings are feelings. People are people. It shouldn't matter what gender they are. Things will change, and someday it won't be so frowned upon. I'm sure of it." Jonathan told him.

"It really means a lot to hear you say that." Will looked at him, feeling a bit teary eyed at his brothers words. "I don't understand why more people don't see things the way you do."

"Not everyone can be as cool as me." Jonathan replied making Will laugh a little. "You like him a lot don't you?" Jonathan asked.

Will nodded, "I do. I've never felt this way before... I mean, he is the first guy I've ever gone out with. Still... there's something about him, I just feel really comfortable about him. Like I can be myself, and that's ok."

Jonathan pulled up to Will's house, "That's good. You deserve to be with someone like that... do you see it.. going anywhere?" Jonathan was a little worried to ask, but he did anyhow.

Will looked at him, "I mean, it could. I'm going to school in Maine in the fall, and that's where he lives. It's not that far away from where Richie lives apparently."

"Well if it does, I'm happy for you. If it doesn't, you'll find someone." Jonathan assured him, "You're a catch."

"Thanks, Jonathan." Will smiled warmly at his brother.

He got out of the car, and carried his suit inside before Jonathan pulled out of the driveway to return to his and Nancy's apartment. Joyce wasn't home when Will arrived, and Neither were Hopper or Eleven.

Hanging up his suit on the handle of the closet door, Will headed to the kitchen to find something to eat. The phone rang, and Will headed over to it before picking up the receiver, "Hello?"

"Hey, Will?" Mike's voice was on the other end of the line.

"Oh, hey Mike." Will greeted.

"I have a really big favour to ask..." Mike sounded a little nervous, but Will didn't mention it to him.

"Ok?" Will questioned.

"Can you stay over tonight?" Mike asked.

"I mean, as long as you can come get me, sure." Will replied, "How is this doing you a really big favour?"

"Well... my parents are going out tonight to meet some relatives of ours halfway, and my mom didn't like the idea of Eleven staying over without at least one of my friends over here too... so... I was hoping you might be able to stay the night... possibly in the basement?" Mike sounded a bit flustered. "Mom, dad and Holly won't be back until tomorrow afternoon.

"Can I just ask... are you two planning on doing anything tonight? Is that why I'm coming over?" Will almost dreaded asking.

"...Yes." Mike responded awkwardly.

"Ok... How does your mom think me staying over will help exactly?" Will asked knowing now not to go upstairs if he stayed over.

"She doesn't know about you and Richie for starters... I didn't plan to say anything to her either, she can figure it out for herself." Mike explained. "Would you be comfortable with this? I don't want to put you in any weird situations, but I figured I would ask you before Dustin or Lucas."

Spending the night in the basement meant spending the night with Richie. Will was feeling the nerves building up in his chest, but no discomfort came to him. "I um... I don't mind."

"Are you sure? I mean it. You can tell me no, and I'll understand. It's not like we haven't already- well... you don't need to know... I just want you to feel safe." Mike assured him.

"It's not like staying over means we're going to do anything, Mike. It's ok, I trust him enough not to pressure me into anything." Will decided, "I'll pack some clothes, and I'll be ready when you get here."

"Thank you, Will. I owe you so much." Mike sighed with relief.

"It's no problem. See you soon." Will hung up the phone.

He completely forgot about grabbing something to snack on. Heading to his bedroom, he decided to pack up his things. He scribbled a note onto the fridge for his mother, letting her know where he was going to be if she needed him.

Mike didn't take very long to arrive, and Richie was sitting in the back while Eleven took the passengers seat. Will got into the back seat behind Eleven, and smiled at Richie. "Hey Richie."

"Hey cutie." Richie grinned at him.

"You got everything?" Mike asked Will.

"Yeah. Are we heading straight to your place?" Will asked him, setting the backpack with his change of clothes between his feet.

"We are. I need to show you to my mother before she will let my dad drive them out of town." Mike sounded annoyed.

"So your parents have no idea that you've been fucking your girlfriend this whole time? Wow... they must think you're such a virgin." Richie laughed.

Eleven looked back at Richie for a moment before she turned back to the front. "Mouth breather."

"What was that?" Richie questioned confused.

"Nothing, Richie." Mike lied, "Also, I'd rather you didn't bring up my sex life."

"Why not? I bring up everyone's sex life." Richie smirked.

"Oh yeah? What about yours?" Mike was hoping to shut up his cousin.

"What about mine?" Richie pushes his glasses up.

"You said you bring up everybody's sex life, why not your own?" Mike challenged.

Will looked over at Richie. It was hard to tell if Richie had ever had sex before, but something in Will's chest told him Richie had. How could he not? He was amazing to look at, who wouldn't want to sleep with him?

"I mean, I'd talk about it, but the only person I had sex with recently was your mom." Richie retorted.

"That's your aunt you dumb nuts." Mike shot back.

"She might have been my aunt, but she called me 'daddy' last night." Richie replied.

"How many days until you go home?" Mike glared in the rear-view mirror.

The rest of the ride was spent listening to Mike and Richie bicker

while Will and Eleven sat in silence. The moment they got to the house, Mike got out of the car, and made a bee-line for the house. Richie laughed as he got out, and Will followed Eleven inside.

Karen felt a lot better once she saw Will was with them. She gave Mike a list of things to make sure he either did or didn't do while they were gone before she finally left. The four spent most of the evening in the living room until they were sure the Wheeler's weren't going to come back and surprise them.

Mike ordered them a pizza, and they watched a movie for most of it. Will was relieved to be sitting next to Richie again. He felt like he could breathe finally. Their fingers laced together, and Will leaned into Richie comfortably.

When the movie was over, Eleven gave Mike a look, and even Will could decode what it meant. Eleven wanted to spend time alone with her boyfriend. "W-We should head downstairs. I'm kind of tired." Will was trying to keep things light, and without giving away too much info.

"Yeah, we're gonna go make out now. If you two want to start fucking, have at her." Richie said getting up with Will.

Mike was red in the face, but resisted the urge to argue with Richie, knowing it would only mean he'd be in his face for longer. Eleven tugged Mike's arm, "Mike..." She calmed him down instantly, leading him towards the staircase.

Will followed Richie to the basement of the Wheeler house. He had been down there hundreds of times, but this time, it felt different. Shutting the door behind him, Will walked down to the basement to see that Richie had a stack of comic books laid out on the floor next to the futon. A lot of them Will had already read.

Richie turned around, and wrapped his arms around Will's waist. "Did you miss me?" Richie couldn't help but ask.

"Very much." Will admitted, his eyes practically sparkling as he stared up into Richie's dark eyes.

"Believe me, I've been eager to see you again. I didn't expect a sleep over, but I'm really not unhappy about it." Richie grinned, leaning in to press his lips to Wills.

"Mm..." Will kissed him back, his body filling with sheer happiness as he wrapped his arms around Richie's shoulders.

He felt like he was addicted to Richie. The tingling in his chest every time Richie kissed him was something he was pretty sure he would do anything to experience. He craved the lips on his, the tongue sliding it's way into his mouth. He pressed himself against Richie, their torso's stuck together as they held onto one another.

Teeth gripping his bottom lip sent a shiver up his spine. "Mmm... Richie..." He sighed softly as the raven haired man began kissing along his neck.

Gripping the back of Will's thighs, Richie lifted Will up carefully, and carried him to the futon. Will hadn't been picked up like that before, and it caused him to giggle as he was laid down on the futon. Richie hovered over him, their eyes meeting as they both looked upon each others happy expressions. "You ready for a long sensual make out session with yours truly?" Richie asked him.

"Yes." Will looked at Richie with an eagerness in his eyes that no one else held when they gazed upon the trashmouth.

Richie gently stroked Will's cheek, "You're so beautiful..." Richie said as Will's brown eyes were rimmed with a mossy green hue as he gazed up at Richie in the soft light of the bedside lamp.

"So are you." Will's eyes were soft as they stared up at him.

Richie looked mildly surprised by the comment, despite the fact Will had called him beautiful before. Richie leaned down, pressing their lips together again. Richie was careful as he rested his body over Will's making sure not to crush him. The pressure of Richie on top of him was emotionally and physically grounding. He felt sheltered, and safe lying beneath the guy he was most attracted to.

Will's hands ran through Richie's hair as their lips pressed together

repeatedly, and their tongues melded together. Richie seemed to be fairly experimental with how he kissed. Moving around in different ways, tilting his head more to get just the right angle. He wanted to know what Will enjoyed, and the soft sounds that escaped the blonde were enough of an indicator it seemed.

Although he didn't think about it much, Will found himself pushing off Richie's dark blue Hawaiian shirt as they were kissing. Richie pulled it the rest of the way off, not breaking their kiss. His black t-shirt was soft to the touch under Will's hands. The blonde let out a soft gasp as Richie's hand made its way up Will's torso from under his shirt. He looked into Richie's eyes, and the dark haired boy attempted to read his emotions. "Is this... is this ok?" Richie asked pausing. "Let me know if anything I do isn't ok."

Will nodded, "Yeah. It's fine." Will sat up a little more so Richie could pull the striped polo over Will's head.

Richie looked over Will's bare chest, "I want to kiss ever fucking square inch of you..." Richie breathed, leaning down to press his lips across Will's chest slowly. Each gentle kiss gracing his skin felt pure and luminous. He felt like he was being blessed by an angel, and it sent tingles through him.

Richie sat up after a few more kisses, and pulled off his own shirt. Will's eyes trailed over the strong shoulders, and the toned torso before him. "Oh..." Will let out a soft moan without meaning to.

A smirk graced Richie's face. "You like what you see?"

"I love what I see..." Will smiled a little, nerves building in his chest as his eyes examined the pale freckled body above him.

"We don't have to do anything crazy unless you want to, but... either you fucking stop me or my pants are coming off next." Richie grinned deviously.

"I'm not stopping you from taking off your pants." Will had a thirst in his eyes to see more of Richie; he didn't think he'd go this far, but here he was, begging for more.

Richie got off Will, and undid the leather belt he wore before he undid his jeans. Letting them slide off, he stood in just his dark boxers. Will swallowed, he had only seen guys that naked in the clothing catalogue, but it never got to him the way Richie did. "I um..." Will reached down to his waist, and began undoing his jeans.

"If it's not ok, we can stop." Richie assured him.

"It's ok." Will smiled, and gently pulled them down, "Just... no penetration?" Will decided to make it clear where the line was so Richie might relax a little.

Richie nodded, "No penetration. Got it." He helped pull the jeans off Will's legs, placing them on the floor next to his own.

Richie returned to the futon, lying over top of Will once more. He placed one of his legs between Wills; it seemed odd for a moment, but them Will let out a soft moan as Richie used his leg to grind against Will's privates. "Oh my God..." Will whispered looking up at Richie.

The devious smirk graced Richie's lips before he leaned down, pressing his lips to Will's. He ground against him again, and Will moaned into Richie's mouth, his erection getting fairly hard. Kissing down Will's jaw, Richie began to mutter to him, "I really want your fucking cock in my mouth."

Will whimpered a little, the idea of it seeming more like a blissful fantasy than a possibility. Who would actually want to blow him? He felt Richie's lips move down his chest, his eyes on Will's as he moved down his naval, gently running his tongue from the top of his belly button to his chest. "You have to say it." Richie teased, knowing Will was so shy it was a challenge for him.

"I-I... want your mouth..." Will licked his lips as Richie teased him.

"Where?" Richie grinned, "Where do you want my mouth, Will?" Richie grabbed the elastic of his boxers, and pulled so it snapped against his skin gently.

"O-On my... penis..." Will was pink in the cheeks, but his eyes never

left Richie's.

"Of course, anything you want, cutie." Richie winked, and pulled down Will's boxers to his thighs, his erection springing forward.

Richie leaned down wrapping his mouth around the head of Will's erection. "Oh!" Will covered his mouth with one hand, muffling the moan escaping him.

Pulling Will's hand away from his mouth, Richie pushed Will's cock deeper into his mouth. Will's moaning echoed off the walls of the basement. Richie kept moving his head slowly, his tongue sliding along the underside of Will's shaft. "Oh my God, Richie..." Will whined as he watched Richie claiming him in the sexiest way.

Richie popped off, and looked at Will, "What's my name again? I think I forgot it... you should fucking help me remember..." Richie winked as his mouth went back to work on him.

"Oh Richie!" Will moaned as his back began to arch with the faster pace he was moving at.

Richie hollowed his cheeks, making a tight suction around his penis as he moved. "God Richie! Oh my God! Richie!" Will clung to the pillow desperately as he tried to keep from passing out in ecstasy.

"Richie! I'm going to come..." Will warned looking down at the plump lips wrapped around him.

The raven haired man didn't let up, and continued to suck hard on him. "Oh God! Richie! Richie!" Will screamed out as he filled the back of Richie's throat.

Swallowing down everything Will unleashed in his mouth, Richie gave a few gentle licks before licking his lips and looking over at Will. "Was that your first blowjob?" Richie grinned.

"What do you think?" Will laughed a little, attempting to catch his breath.

"I think I just popped your blowjob cherry." Richie smirked and replaced Will's boxers carefully.

Richie wrapped his arm around Will, and let his body lie on his back next to the blonde. "Did you like it?" Richie asked sounding hopeful.

"I can't believe anything can feel that good..." Will sighed with utter satisfaction.

Richie kissed Will's forehead gently. "I'm adding that audio of you moaning to my spank bank just so you know."

Will couldn't help but laugh at that, "You're funny."

"I'm not kidding. The sounds you make are so hot. God, I fucking can't handle it. I've got the hottest boyfriend ever." Richie caught himself, "I-I mean..." Richie pushed up his glasses nervously, "If you'd be into that?"

"I would. I really like you, Richie." Will looked into the magnified lenses of Richie's glasses, "Well that's good news because I kind of decided to switch from community college to Maine University. I was hoping I might get to see you more..." Richie looked a bit embarrassed that he acted so quickly, but Will didn't take it the same way as anyone else he knew would have.

"I could make a roommate request. It'll increase our chances of being roommates." Will nodded at him.

"You're not pissed?" Richie asked, "I feel like I'm being too clingy..."

Will shook his head, "I like it."

"Oh, thank fuck." Richie sighed with relief.

Will smiled, and snuggled into his chest, breathing in the familiar scent of Richie's cologne. "I'd like to try giving back what you gave me..." Will muttered catching Richie's attention.

"Yeah?" Richie eyed him, "You're sure?"

Will nodded, "I don't really know what I'm doing, but I want to make you feel good."

Richie ran his fingers over Will's cheek gently, "Take my body, do as

you wish!" Richie joked dramatically; Will took it as a sign of nervousness.

Will giggled a bit, and carefully pulled down the hem of Richie's boxers, allowing the large erection to make its presence known. "That's pretty big..." Will commented.

"Thank you." Richie grinned, allowing his ego to feed off the statement.

Will leaned down, and gently took the tip of it into his mouth. Richie let out a soft moan as Will plunged his way down as far as he could in an attempt to wrap his lips around the base of Richie's cock.

Will had thought about giving head before, but he never expected he would actually be doing it. It felt oddly nice to be the one giving the pleasure. He bobbed his head, mimicking what he saw Richie doing to him. He tongued at Richie's slit curiously, pulling more moans from him.

Nervously, Will decided to place Richie's hand on the back of his head, allowing him some control over what Will was doing. "God, that's so hot..." Richie moaned out as he gently moved Will's head up and down.

His hands gently cupped Richie's balls, and he massaged them tenderly as he bobbed his head. Sucking the air out of his mouth, he made the space around Richie's cock tight, causing the raven haired man to moan even louder, "Will! You're fucking amazing!" Richie panted as Will got him even more worked up.

Will decided to be bold, and he tried something he wasn't entirely sure was even going to work out. Impaling himself on Richie's cock, he stuck out his tongue, and began licking at Richie's balls, making Richie whimper in pleasure, "Will! Holy fuck, Will!" Richie responded well to what Will was doing.

"You're like fucking Houdini, but with cocks!" Richie didn't realize how silly it sounded until after he said it, but Will didn't stop what he was doing, he continued bobbing his head.

"Babe, I'm gonna blow soon..." Richie warned.

Will didn't stop, he just kept moving his head. "Will! Fuck!" When he suddenly felt the flow of liquid jetting into his mouth, he began swallowing before he could really let the taste sink in. The warm liquid made its way down his throat, and he sucked gently a few times before pulling off.

"Was that your first blowjob?" Will asked him.

"Sort of..." Richie responded oddly.

"That's a yes or no question..." Will eyed him.

"Well... My first blowjob was with some friends... it wasn't really anything romantic, just my two best friends were dating and wanted someone they trusted to join in. Me being horny as fuck agreed." Richie explained.

"Well... was I good at least?" Will asked a bit worried.

"You were the best I've ever had." Richie nodded, his eyebrows retreating high on his forehead.

"Good." Will smiled at him, letting his boxers rest where they normally sat on his hips.

Richie hugged him warmly, "You're amazing. I'm so glad you said yes to dating... I couldn't handle if some other fucking guy got you."

"I don't want anyone else. You're safe." Will smiled, pressing his lips to Richie's gently.

"My friends aren't gonna believe that I got into a relationship while I was gone." Richie laughed at the prospect of telling them.

"What if they don't like me?" Will worried suddenly.

"They'll like you. If I like you, they're gonna like you, Will. You're hard not to like if you fucking ask me." Richie took off his glasses, setting them on the stand beside the futon.

Will looked at his face, and ignored the fact he looked exactly like Mike. "My friends like you. Lucas and Dustin find you fun to hang out with. Max laughs at your jokes." Will explained.

"Mike and his girlfriend hate me I'm pretty sure." Richie shrugged, "It's alright though. Family and whatnot is allowed to be that way."

"My mom likes you too." Will smiled, "She kept asking how the date went when I got home that night. She said you're handsome, and quite the catch."

"You mom likes me, huh? Does she wanna bang?" Richie joked.

Will laughed which was new for Richie as his best friend Eddie hated jokes at his moms expense. "You can have your way with me, but leave my mom and my brother out of it." Will smiled brightly at him.

"Aye aye, captain!" Richie grinned.

Will ran his fingers along Richie's arm gently, the feeling of touching someone so intimately felt so good. "You think Mike and Eleven are going at it right now?"

"Oh probably... they've been together since we were kids. I'm not sure how long they've been together physically, but I'm assuming at least since mid high school." Will explained as Richie pulled the light sheet over them as they laid together.

"She um..." Richie looked a bit unsure if he should speak, "Can she do... things?"

Will tensed a bit, "Things?"

"Never mind, I think I'm just having a brain overload from that blowjob you gave me." Richie grinned, snuggling into him warmly.

Will was glad Richie dropped it, but he was still rather curious as to what Richie meant exactly. Will rolled over so Richie was spooning him. Their bodies melded together as if they were meant to. The lanky arms around Will held onto him tightly as Richie rested his chin on Will's shoulder, "You're really cool, you know that?" Richie said softly.

"I am?" Will questioned, a bit surprised as it seemed to come out of no where.

"Yeah... you don't seem to find me annoying. You don't yell at me, or tell me to stop talking. I'm not used to that." Richie said softly, "Sometimes I feel like I'm just bothering everyone, but I can't even seem to stop myself when I get talking sometimes."

"You don't bother me. You could talk forever, and I'd happily listen to you." Will held Richie's arms.

"Be careful what you wish for." Richie grinned.

"I wish that we could lay like this every night." Will smiled back at him.

"Fuck, me too. You're so soft... I feel like I've got my own teddy bear again." Richie grinned, kissing Will's cheek.

Will found himself talking about his art and science program, and in turn, Richie talked about his friend Bill who was into art and writing. Will liked the sounds of Bill, and hoped maybe he could meet him one day.

They talked about their friends, and their boring towns they grew up in. It felt like they weren't so different. Kindred spirits, his comics would call it. Richie had fallen asleep first, his face in Will's neck, his warm breathe on Will's skin. It felt nice, and it lulled him to sleep.

Breakfast was an interesting experience the next day. Will and Richie were all smiles, and Mike seemed to deduce that something happened in the basement. It was only confirmed when Mike blurted out, "My basement better not be disgusting after last night..."

"Don't worry, I swallowed." Richie responded making Will cough into his orange juice, causing it to splatter everywhere.

Eleven smiled a little at Will who looked like a deer in headlights as Richie gently wiped the splatter mess. Mike sighed, "I didn't need to know that..."

"You should know better than to give me material I can work with."

Richie pointed at Mike.

Notes for the Chapter:

What did you think? Leave me a review please and thank you :D

4. Wedding

Summary for the Chapter:

> Jonathan and Nancy have their wedding, and it's Richie's last night in Hawkins.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Warning: sexual content

The days leading up to the wedding involved Will spending plenty of time with Richie. He would have to wait at least an entire month before he saw him again once Richie left Hawkins. It was something Will wasn't looking forward to, but he knew he could handle distance for a month.

Richie actually looked nice on the day of the wedding, his long hair combed out, and back. He wore a black suit with a white undershirt, and a black tie. He caught Will's eye immediately, and they spent the ceremony exchanging glances.

When the reception came around, Richie came over to the table Will was seated at. They held hands under the table, and immediately, Will felt energized by their connection. It was something he'd never shared with anyone else. Will wondered if this was how Mike and Eleven felt when they touched.

Mike seemed to be getting along a little better with Richie that evening, and it made Will feel incredibly happy. Will had confessed to Mike they were going to try to become dorm mates, and Mike was puzzled as to how Will could stand being around Richie for that long in the first place. Will laughed it off, but in truth, he couldn't understand why anyone would want to avoid Richie; he was exciting, funny, and so beautiful in Will's eyes.

He was utterly perfect, and Will was willing to spend every single day with him.

Richie eventually pulled Will up to the dance floor when Mike and

Eleven went up to dance. Will felt a little intimidated dancing in front of so many people with a guy, but no one seemed to question it. They weren't dancing so close that it was sexual, but they were dancing close enough people could tell they were together.

"So... I was wondering if you'd like to stay over tonight in the basement." Richie asked, "That sounded a lot less fucking creepy in my head. Aunt Karen, and Uncle Ted are taking Holly with them to take some of our relatives back home before their early flight. It'd just be Mike upstairs."

Will smiled at him, "I'd like that. It's your last night in Hawkins, I'd like to spend it with you."

"Fuck yeah! I get to fall asleep with you again." Richie smiled brightly.

Will smiled, "Yeah, I'm hoping we will get to fall asleep together every night starting in September."

"I called the school yesterday, and I put in a request to have you as my roommate. They said it was a good possibility. Then I said if it didn't happen, I'd fuck their moms." Richie told Will.

"Then what happened?" Will widened his eyes, going along with the joke.

"Then... I had to fuck their moms, but they seem like they'll let us room together anyhow." Richie said with a straight face.

"You're so brave, going to that extreme just to room with me. It's almost as though you like me." Will laughed.

"Me? Like you? What would give you that fucking idea?" Richie joked.

"You're right, I don't really like you either." Will continued to play along.

"Good, because as it turns out, I'm using you to get to your mom." Richie waggled his brows.

"You might have a shot. Although Hopper might shoot you first." Will reasoned.

"I guess I'll have to settle for you and your delicious cock." Richie whispered in his ear.

Will blushed, but nodded, "Same."

When Will and Richie told them of their plan to go back to the house together, Mike decided to take that as an opportunity to bring Eleven back to the Wheeler house for the night.

"Can you guys do me one favour tonight?" Mike looked back at them.

"Sure, what is it?" Will asked as Richie held his hand in the hallway before the basement.

"Don't tell me what you two are doing down there, but please don't make a mess." Mike looked at them pleadingly.

"We won't." Will smiled gently at him, "Thanks for letting me stay over."

"Well, it's not like it isn't working in my favour." Mike smiled, tugging Eleven's hand pointedly.

"Have a good night, Mikey." Richie grinned and headed down the stairs to the basement.

"Bye." Will smiled.

"You too. See you tomorrow guys." Mike closed the basement door behind them.

Richie pulled his clothes off, and Will did the same the moment they were in the basement. "I can't wait to suck your dick." Richie grinned.

Will laughed, and felt Richie wrap his arms around Will from behind. The lips kissing down his spine sent waves of pleasure through him. "Mm... how do you know how to do this to me?"

"Do what?" Richie asked curiously.

"Get me in the mood..." Will looked over his shoulder.

Richie grinned, and nipped at his shoulder, "I just touch you and kiss you anywhere I want. Just so happens, I want to touch you and kiss you everywhere."

Tilting Will's head to the side, Richie began gently sucking on Will's neck. "Mmm.. Richie..." He breathed.

Reaching down, Richie grabbed Will's hardening erection, and began to stroke it. "Richie! Oh God..." Will groaned, his ass grinding back into Richie's erection.

Richie gasped a bit, not expecting that kind of contact. They were without boxers this time, and there was really nothing between Richie and Will. "Fuck, your ass feels good on my dick..."

"No penetration." Will reminded.

"That's not what I meant, but fuck... I want to grope it at least..." Richie laughed.

"That I'll allow, but only because I want to grope yours later..." Will admitted.

Richie sat down on the edge of the futon, and pulled Will's hips closer as he took Will into his mouth. Will moaned, running his fingers through Richie's hair. "God... I missed your mouth..."

Hands slid from his hips to his ass, groping him gently. It felt oddly possessive, the way Richie was blowing him, and he loved it. Despite the fact he was feeling weak in the knees, he enjoyed what they were doing.

Will bit his lip, looking down at the mop of black hair below him. Richie bobbed his head forwards and backwards at a steady pace, and it was working him up. Will knew if anyone were to see what he was doing, he would surely die, but he loved every second of what Richie did to his body.

Richie began to hum around him, and Will was nervous his legs were going to give out. "Richie! Oh God!"

The feeling of swallowing around the head of his cock worked more moans out of the blonde. He hoped to reciprocate even half as well as Richie did. "Richie, you're so good at this..."

Pulling off, Richie stared up at him, "Can I touch back there without penetrating?"

Will licked his lips a little, "A-Alright." Will nodded.

He felt fingers gently spread him open before Richie leaned down, and let his tongue drag over his opening, up his taint and over his balls before he wrapped his lips around Will's cock once again.

The feeling sent shivers through his body, and the goose bumps on his arms left the little hairs standing on end. "Oh my God! Why did you do that?" Will didn't sound angry, but genuinely confused as to reasoning.

"I like to lick things to claim them." Richie replied deviously.

Will blushed, and covered his face for a moment as Richie got back to work, now deep throating Will. "Oh God! Richie!" Will let his hands fall from his face as he was now distracted by the feeling of building up quickly.

His fingers laced through Richie's hair, and he arched his back, "I'm gonna come! Richie, please don't stop..." Will begged as Richie had a tight grip on his hips.

"Richie!" Coming hard into Richie's mouth left his head spinning. The raven haired man swallowed everything down, and pulled off with a pop. "Oh wow..." He moaned, his face a bit pink from his release.

He straddled Richie's legs, avoiding crushing the hard erection below him. "Did you like that?" Richie grinned, enjoying the look in Will's eyes.

"I loved that." Will pressed his face in the crook of Richie's neck.

"Good, I like to improve my technique over time." Richie said before Will's mouth was sucking and biting at his neck sensually, "Oh... fuck I see you're improving yours too..."

Will pushed Richie down onto his back carefully. He climbed down Richie's body, placing kisses along the way. "Mm... you're so hot.." Will muttered before wrapping his mouth around Richie's straining erection.

"Oh! That's it... God I love that mouth..." Richie moaned as he gripped the bedding below.

Will had one prior past experience with blowing Richie, and if there as one thing he learned from it: He needed to focus his tongue on the underside of his erection. Will licked relentlessly as he moved his head, and Richie began moaning uncontrollably. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Oh God!" Richie whined, "Will! You're fucking amazing! A blowjob God!"

Satisfied he was doing a good job, he continued to use his tongue even more. Sticking it out of his mouth to lick his testicles wasn't any less exciting to Richie as second time, "Fucking Hell!" Richie moaned loudly.

Will gagged a little, and pulled off carefully to lick gently along the tip of Richie's erection. "Will, you're going to kill me... I'll do anything you want... just don't stop what you're doing..." Richie begged.

Will liked to hear that he was being so pleasing, he had worked hard to remember exactly what felt good to his new boyfriend. He hoped it would be techniques he could keep using in the future of their relationship as well. "Mmmmm." Will moaned around it, causing Richie to arch his back.

"I'm gonna fucking come! Oh God, Will!" Richie cried out.

The warm liquid shot into his mouth, and Will swallowed it down without hesitation. He pulled off after a few final licks, admiring the light shade of crimson Richie's face had turned. "Did I do good?" Will asked.

Richie reached up and wrapped Will in his arms, holding him close, "You did so amazing... Fuck, I can't believe I've lived this long without you in my life... I'm so happy we're fucking dating!" Richie held Will warmly in his arms.

Will pressed his lips to Richie's and kissed him gently. "When you go back to Derry, can you still call me at least once a week so I can hear your voice? I'm going to miss you." Will confessed.

"Fuck, I will call you as often as I can, babe. I gotta keep you on fucking lockdown so no other boy can claim your heart!" Richie stroked Will's hair gently.

"I can't even look at other boys now that I've got you." Will assured him with a smile, "You're perfect."

"You're not just saying that are you?" Richie winked, "I hope you can handle living with me."

"I think I will be able to handle it just fine." Will looked into his eyes.

"Even with all my annoying habits? I'm messy." Richie admitted.

"I don't mind. I have annoying habits of my own. You're going to have to keep me warm in the winter, I freeze at night." Will giggled.

"That's not a problem, babe. Our room will be like sauna most nights anyway with our passionate love making." Richie said dramatically.

"Oh of course. Silly me." Will giggled, pressing his face in Richie's chest.

"Would guitar playing bother you while you're sketching your art?" Richie asked curiously.

"You play guitar?" Will's eyes lit up.

Richie nodded, "Yeah, I'm pretty good at it. You like musicians? You can totally fuck one someday, when you're ready of course."

Will laughed, "Someday I think I just might... if he plays his cards right." Will teased a little.

"Oh, ho ho... I might only be good at go fish, but I'll play every card I've got." Richie sounded determined.

"Something tells me you like sex?" Will giggled a bit.

"I don't know what you're talking about. I'm against everything sexual, because fuck fucking!" Richie grinned with amusement.

Will laughed at the poor excuse for a joke, because to Will, Richie was funny. "You're so strange. I think that might be why I like you so much."

"Good, because I'm going to be around for a long time at this rate. At least... after September." Richie reasoned.

"I'm glad to hear it." Will snuggled into him.

Sleep came for them both rather quickly. Richie and Will enjoyed their last hours together before Richie had to catch his train home. It was hard to say goodbye, but Will knew it wasn't for very long. Richie kissed him goodbye, and wrapped his long arms around Will before his train arrived, and he had to go.

Mike waited in the car for Will to return, and they started to drive away. "You gonna miss him?" Mike asked curiously.

"Yeah... he makes me happy." Will smiled gently at Mike.

Mike noticed that Will was wearing one of Richie's Hawaiian shirts. "I can tell. I'm really glad you two have each other."

Will toyed with the buttons on the side of the shirt. The smell of Richie would eventually fade, Will was sure of it, but for now, he was going to enjoy it while it lasted.

Notes for the Chapter:

> Thank you so much for following this to the end. Please stay tuned for my MUCH LONGER sequel to this story!

Author's Note:

> Review if you enjoyed the chapter :D